

RICHARD ASHBY, editor/RICHARD HIRSCHHORN, art director  
ALLAN MOSS, associate editor/EVY BARTON, art assistant  
MARILYN HURTADO, gopher/TAFFY CHAT, photographic editor  
PAUL LAWRENCE, circulation director/ED GOLDSTEIN, publisher

## FICTION

THE BEHOLDER .....	Jack Ritchie	18
HADJ .....	Harlan Ellison	24
THE CHEATERS .....	Ann Taylor	62

## ARTICLES

FASCHING .....	Jack Matcha	30
THE CARNEY WORLD .....	Joey Nash	66

## HUMOR

FREAKING OUT WITH POPULAR SEX .....	Richard Ashby	14
-------------------------------------	---------------	----

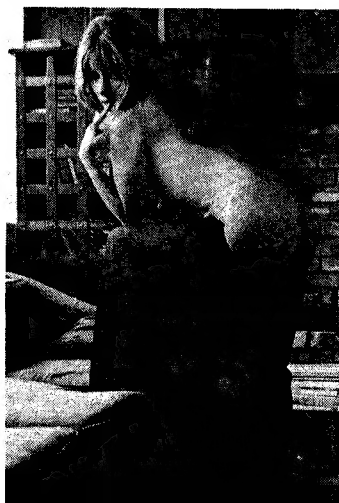
## DEPARTMENTS

EDITOR'S PAGE .....	6
LIMERICKS .....	48
ON THE LIGHTER SIDE .....	61
CARTOON CARNIVAL .....	72

## GIRLS

MISS MANAGER .....	8
BEAR DOCTOR .....	20
THINGS TO COME .....	26
EVENING IN PARIS .....	32
MADCAP MYSTIC .....	40
THE GOOD LIFE .....	57
MEN'S PLEASURES .....	74

MAN'S PLEASURE, Volume 1, Number 3, February 1972 is published monthly by E-Go Enterprises, Inc., 6340 Coldwater Canyon, North Hollywood, California 91606. Price \$1.00 per copy; subscription rate \$10.00 per year. All material submitted at sender's risk. Publisher cannot be responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited material. Nor can such material be returned without a self-addressed, properly stamped envelope. All material accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Copyright © 1972 by E-Go Enterprises, Inc. Advertising representative, Hammond Media, 120 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Printed in the U.S.A.



# THE



R. IRVINE

# BEHOLDER

by JACK RITCHIE

**T**here was something about Lieutenant Robbins which irritated me. Something basic. And yet I just couldn't quite put my finger on what it was.

But that was a minor matter now. A minor matter.

Robbins took the letters I'd just signed and quietly left my office.

I glanced at my watch. In three minutes Titania would be here. Exactly as she had said. She was never late. Perhaps she couldn't be.

I went to the window. In the distance another Saturn was being painfully hauled to the gantry.

I returned to my desk and sat down. I pulled out the drawer and stared at the loaded .45.

Was it ridiculous to even think of using it? Was it downright *childish* . . . in a universal sense . . . to think that it might be effective? Even in self-defense?

My intercom buzzed.

"Colonel," Sergeant Howard said, "Miss Calmet is here to see you."

I was tempted to ask him what *he* thought she looked like, but instead I said, "Send her right in."

My office door opened and Titania stepped inside.

She smiled. "Hello, darling."

"Sit down," I said firmly.

Her hair was black. Black as the blackbird's wing. I corrected that. Black as the *raven's* wing.

And her eyes were violet. Absolutely. Violet as the lilacs that last in doorway bloomed when I was a kid back in Wisconsin.

She was tall. Definitely tall. Probably five-foot eight. Just exactly the size I like a woman to be.

The intercom sounded again.

"Major Schultz is here with the security reports for Area Three," Sergeant Howard said.

"Tell Schultz to wait," I snapped. "Right now I've got something a hell of a lot more impor. . . ." I hesitated, glanced at Titania, and then changed my mind. "All right, send the major in."

Schultz was a little on the heavy side and long in grade. He stopped just inside the doorway, saw Titania, and stared, as I knew he would.

I let him enjoy himself for half a minute and then I left my desk.

I took Schultz by the arm, led him out of the office, and closed the door behind us.

"All right, Major," I said. "Describe her."

He blinked. "Describe her, sir?"

"Damnit," I growled. "You heard me. *Describe* her."

He licked his lips. "She's beautiful, sir. Absolutely beautiful."

"That's not enough. Be more *specific*."

His eyes glazed in reflection. "She has blonde hair. Like golden wheat, you know."

I closed my eyes.

"And brown eyes. Soft brown eyes. That's a very rare combination, you know, sir. I mean true blonde hair and brown eyes. But that's absolutely the best combination." He smiled happily to himself. "And she's small. Barely touches five feet, I think."

I left him there and re-entered my office.

I sat down and stared at Titania.

I had the feeling that she knew what I was thinking. Exactly what I was thinking.

She waited.

I came to the point. "Captain O'Brien saw the two of us at the Post Dance Saturday. He wanted to know who the gorgeous red-head with me was. He described you ecstatically, and according to him, you have green eyes. Green as the fields of Killarney."

"Yes," Titania said. "Captain O'Brien prefers red hair and eyes green as the fields of Killarney, which he has never actually seen."

I nodded. "At first I thought that O'Brien must have been drunk at the

time he saw us, but then there were others who were equally impressed. In their way. According to Lieutenant Parker . . . That's *Tex* Parker . . . your hair was platinum as the mane of a palamino he has back home on the ranch."

"Yes," Titania said. "Each man sees in me what he wants to see."

We stared at each other again.

Finally I spoke again. "All right, Titania. . . . or whoever . . . or whatever you are, I suppose you're some kind of a creature from outer space? What do you *really* look like?" I asked cautiously.

She smiled. "Let us say that I am an area of intelligence."

I studied her. "I suppose you've come here to take over earth?"

"Why, no," she said.

I frowned. "Then why are you here? Why all this . . . spying?"

"I am *not* spying. I am here on a study mission. In earth terms, you might say that I am working on my doctorate."

"You are studying earth?"

"My field is not quite that broad. Just the mores of some of its inhabitants."

I thought that I could read her mind. I flushed. "Surely what has happened between us must be sacred . . . or at least confidential. You're not going to put my name in one of your scientific papers?"

"Only your initials, dear," she said.

I was about to protest further, but then I realized that it would be futile. I sighed. "So you're not going to take over earth?"

"You seem a little disappointed."

"Frankly, I am. Most people seem terrified at the idea of having earth taken over by alien creatures. . . . or in this case, alien areas. But I've always felt that the odds were all in favor of it being a good deal. I mean that here we've got all these problems and no solutions in sight. Personally I'd just as soon that some benevolent despot from outer space assumed the responsibility of governing us."

Continued on Page 23

MAN'S PLEASURE 19

"I'm sorry," she said. "But we are dead set against colonialism."

I felt rather depressed. "Tell me, Titania, do areas of intelligence ever fall in love with other areas of intelligence?"

A dreamy look crept into her eyes and I knew that back home... wherever that was... there was somebody... or something... special waiting for her.

She reached over the desk and patted my hand. "I'm going to have to leave this section of earth now. My work here is just about finished."

I shrugged manfully, but my heart wasn't in it.

"I'm sorry," she said soothingly. "But this just wasn't meant to be."

I'm afraid I sounded plaintive. "Won't I ever see you again?"

"No," Titania said. "But then remind yourself that I am basically but a dream. Your dream."

I sighed heavily. "Yes, a dream. A private dream. Each man sees in you the object of his desire."

There was one last kiss and then we went to the door.

Lieutenant Robbins was still in the outer office. His eyes found Titania and seemed to lock on target.

Damn it, what was there about the man that made me dislike him so intensely?

Titania smiled at the both of us. Brilliantly.

And then she turned and disappeared into the hallway.

Lieutenant Robbins continued staring at the doorway. "Who was that?"

I glared at him. "Why the hell do you want to know?"

He flushed. "No reason, sir." His eyes went to the doorway again and the words seemed to come involuntarily. "It's just that never in my life have I seen such an incredibly handsome young man."

**The Iron Curtain  
Isn't soundproof.**

Give to Radio Free Europe  
Box 1966, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

SHOT  
THROUGH  
ONE-WAY  
MIRROR

**CAT HOUSE CANDIES**  
**Caught by Camera In-The-Act!**  
Rare, from private collection! Secretly-photographed in Nevada, where prostitution is legal. Frantic sex-action, uncensored, unposed. Bizarre, "deviant", amusing! Sample photos, \$1; Photos plus Big 8mm Film, only \$5. STATE AGE, NO MINORS!  
PAD PRODUCTIONS, DEPT. 222  
P.O. BOX 38401, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90038

**I'll Make It Hard For You!**

(TO RESIST MY  
"COMING ATTRACTIONS")



If you're a hard-core film fan, tell me what turns you on in "made-to-order" Stags! We're four models who go all the way for our friends. (Guys 'n gals, gals 'n gals, or just us and you!) Tell us about yourself, send just \$3 for our special 8mm "Get Acquainted" Stag, photos, and personal letter. This will be fun!

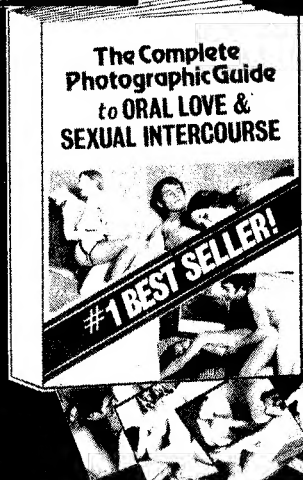
NO MINORS, PLEASE!  
M. DuBois, Dept. 222  
P.O. Box 5327, Compton, Calif. 90224

**Young girls who make it  
hard! for big city suckers  
They have the cake  
and eat it too!**

Adults only! \$2.00 sample film. ☐ Reg.  
☐ Sup. 200 Ft. ☐ B&W \$10.00 ☐ Color \$20.00  
CAMEO, P.O. BOX 74307,  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90004 • DEPT. 222

# BLUE Movies ARE Better Than Ever

**Now At Last!**



**Together in One Manual!**

**The Complete  
PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE  
to ORAL LOVE and  
SEXUAL INTERCOURSE**

**800** **SENSATIONAL  
UNCENSORED &  
UNRETOUCHED**  
**Explicit PICTURES** \$12.95  
**Dozens of Couples** \$4.95  
**NOW**

**SEE and LEARN the Ultimate in  
SEXUAL and SENSUAL PLEASURES**

If ever you or your mate experienced bedroom boredom and wanted to regain the thrills and sexual excitement of your first experience... if ever your imagination failed to provide you with the stimulus and desire necessary to a happy and fulfilling relationship... if ever you've deeply longed to reach greater heights of sexual and sensual pleasures but didn't know where to start or which technique to use then this book - "THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO ORAL LOVE AND SEXUAL INTERCOURSE" - is for you! In its frank and honest text and over 800 explicit uncensored and unretouched photographs of oral love and sexual intercourse, on giant size 8 1/2 x 11 pages, you'll learn to overcome the monotony and disenchantment of unrewarding sexual experiences and reach new heights of sexual pleasure which is the birthright of every happy man and woman.

**HOW THIS NEW MARRIAGE MANUAL  
CAN HELP YOU ACHIEVE  
SEXUAL FULFILLMENT AS NEVER BEFORE!**

Literally dozens of young couples have volunteered to permit themselves to be photographed in actual sexual intercourse and positions of oral love baring their intimate bedroom secrets and techniques of lovemaking. Of the more than 800 explicit close-up photographs showing all the exciting aspects of lovemaking and special techniques including positions of sexual intercourse (coitus)

and positions of oral love (fellatio, and cunnilingus) and frank and enlightening text, you will find literally hundreds of new suggestions to help you and your mate reach total sexual fulfillment and a richer and consequently happier sex life.

**MAKES ALL OTHER  
MARRIAGE MANUALS OBSOLETE!**

Because "THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO ORAL LOVE AND SEXUAL INTERCOURSE" is complete in all and every aspect of sexual lovemaking and nothing is left to the imagination you will never need any other marriage manual. No other marriage manual is available with so many rare positions and oral sexual techniques and instructions at this low price, that you owe it to yourself and your mate to investigate its lifetime rewards in sexual fulfillment.

**MORE PICTURES AT THIS PRICE  
THAN ANY OTHER MARRIAGE MANUAL  
SAVE \$7.00 IF YOU ACT NOW!**

"THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO ORAL LOVE AND SEXUAL INTERCOURSE" is sold by mail only! Originally made to sell for \$12.95 this new outstanding milestone in sex education is now available for only \$4.95. But you must order now while supply lasts!

Rush your check, cash or money order today! Sorry, you must be over 21 years of age to order. Please state your age.

**PHOENIX DIST.**

P.O. Box 320 **Murray Hill Station**  
New York, N.Y. 10016